Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BARNABAS and BOANERGES:

OR,

WINE and OYLE for Afflicted Soules.

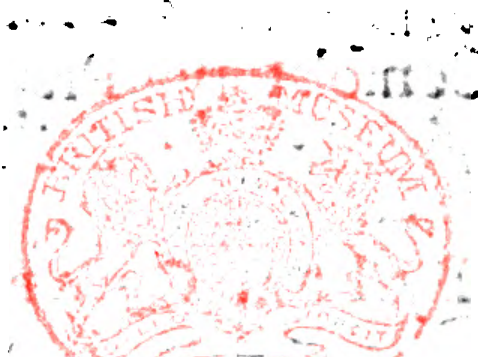
Poured forth and applied in Consolatory { Promises, Prayers, and Soliloquies.

By FRA. QUARLES.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Lowndes*, at the Golden Vnicorne upon Ludgate hill over against Bell Savage, 1646.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE CONTENTS.

THE Weary Mans Burthen and Rest page 1
His Soliloquy. 6
His Prayer. 8

The Sinners Sentence and Sanctuary 12
His Soliloquy 17
His Prayer 19

Digitized by Google

The Contents.

The Poore Mans Want and Supply 23
His Soliloquy 28
His Prayer 30

The Forgetfull Mans Complaint and Remembrancer 34
His Soliloquy 39
His Prayer 41

The Widowes distresse, and Reliefe 45
Her Soliloquy 50
Her Prayer 52

The Afflicted Mans Trouble, and Deliverance 56
His Soliloquy 61
His Prayer 63

Digitized by Google

The

The Contents.

The Deserted Mans Misery and Comfort 67
His Soliloquy 72
His Prayer. 74

The Humble Mans Depression and Exaltation 78
His Soliloquy 83
His Prayer 85

The Sinners Conflict, and Conquest 89
His Soliloquy 94
His Prayer 96

Syons Decay, and Defence, 100
The Soliloquy 105
The Prayer 107

Digitized by Google

The

The Contents.

The Mourners Calamity and Consolation 111
His Soliloqu 117
His Prayer 119

The Serpents Subtilty, and Defeat 123
The Soliloquy 128
The Prayer 130

The Sinners Poverty, and Reliefe 134
His Soliloquy 139
His Prayer 141

The Faithfull Mans Fear and Crowne 145
His Soliloquy 150
His Prayer 152

Digitized by Google

The

The Contents.

The Fearfull Mans Conflict and Prize 156
His Soliloquy 161
His Prayer 163

The Plague-affrighted Mans Danger and Deliverance 167
His Soliloquy 173
His Prayer 175

The Persecuted Mans Misery and Reward 179
His Soliloquy 185
His Prayer 187

The Sinners Accompt, and Quietus est 191
His Soliloquy 197
His Prayer 199

Digitized by Google

The

The Contents.

The Sinners Thirst, and Draft 203
His Soliloquy 209
His Prayer. 211

The Good Mans Distrust, and Satisfaction 215
His Soliloquy. 221
His Prayer. 223

THE

Digitized by Google

THE WEARY MANS *Burthen* and *Reſt.*

GOD who in himſelfe is the fulneſſe and perfection of all Glory, who needed no tongue to praiſe it, no pen to expreſſe it, no work to magnifie it, created a world for his own pleaſure, furniſht it of his owne goodneſſe, made *Man* out of his own meer motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witneſſe* and an *inſtrument* of

Digitized by Google

his Glory, the ſole end of his *Creation*. But *Man* grew proud, tranſgreſt againſt his *firſt Commandement* and fell, and by his *fall* deſtroyed his then unborne poſterity: *Sinne* entred the world, and *death* by ſinne, and I poore miſerable *creature*, born in ſinne, have turned his glory to diſhonour, my due obedience to rebellion, and my happineſſe into eternall *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this ſinne! how inſufferable is the weight of my offences! If I but think of *heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*; If I but pray to heaven, it preſſes down my devotion: I have loſt the *favour* of my God I have fruſtrated the end of my *Creation*, I have broke the peace of my *conſcience*, I have clipt the wings of

Digitized by Google

my

my *faith*. I have daſht the comfort of my *hopes*: Good Angels have forſaken me, my conſcience hath accuſed mee, Gods *Prophets* have condemned mee, and Hell gapes for me: What ſhall I doe? Or whether ſhall I flee? ſhall I ſeek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away diſpleaſed: They will not heare me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flee to my owne *Conſcience*? alas that will fly on me. Shall I truſt to my owne *Merits*? Alas they are falſe *Lights*, and will light me to my own *Ruine*. Or ſhall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and fly to the utmoſt parts of the earth? alas, my ſinnes will follow me; my ſins will haunt me whereſoever I go. Poor miſerable man that

I am, who ſhall deliver mee from this Burthen? Poor miſerable man that I am, who ſhall releaſe me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poore diſtreſſed *Soule*? Is there no eaſe for a poor diſconſolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balſom* for a wounded *Heart*? no *Refuge* for a guilty Penitent? O my ſoule, why art thou ſo ſad? and why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquieted within thee? Put thy truſt in God, who hath ſaid

Mat. 11. 28.

Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.

Ier. 6. 16.

Thus ſaith the Lord: Stand yee in the old wayes, and ſee and ask for the old pathes, where is the good way, and walk

Digitized by Google

walk therein, and ye ſhall finde reſt for your ſoules.

Iſay 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord ſhall returne and come with ſinging unto Sion, and everlaſting joy ſhall be upon their heads: They ſhall obtain gladneſſe and joy; and ſorrow and mourning ſhall fly away.

Mat. 11. 29.

Take my yoak upon you, and learne of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and yee ſhall have reſt unto your ſouls.

Hierom. in Epiſt.

Doſt thou fear poverty? Chriſt calls the poor man bleſſed: Art thou afraid of labour; paines are the parents of a Crown. Art thou hungry? Faith feares no famine. God the Generaliſſimo of the

Digitized by Google

world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a Crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with fasting, prayer, reading, almes, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His Soliloquy.

TRue, my soule, if thou shouldest only cast an eye upon the *Letter* of the Law, that Letter would soone cast thee and condemne thee: or if thy onely Object were the base *Corruption* of thy sinfull heart, there were sufficient cause to iustifie that condemnation:

Digitized by Google

demnation : or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine own *Abilities*, thy caſe were too too miſerable for expreſſion : or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious Majeſty thou haſt offended, there were no hopes for conſolation. But, O my ſoule, there is a Goſpel to mitigate the Rigour of that *Letter*, There is a Chancery to moderate the Severity of that *Law* : There is a Saviour to mediate betwixt that God and thy *Offences*. Art thou in bondage? O my Soule, here is *Freedome* : Art thou dejected? here is *Comfort* : Art thou purſued? here is a *Refuge* : Art thou overburthend? here is *Reſt*. Art thou condemned? here is a *Pardon*. Appeale therefore from the

Digitized by Google

Throne of *Justice* to the seat of *Mercy*: from the *Justice* of *Jehovah* to the mercy of thy *Jesus*; deny thy selfe, and he will owne thee; empty thy selfe, and he will fill thee. Let not thy *Sinnes* affright thee, he hath satisfied: Let not *Hell* dismay thee, he hath suffered: Let not the *first* death trouble thee, he hath sweetned it: Let not the *second* death terrifie thee, he hath conquered it: Feare not to *come* to him, for he hath called thee: Feare not to pray to him, for he will hear thee.

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect Glory needed not the helpe of *Man*, yet madest him

Digitized by Google

for

for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poor son of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sin*, and wallowing in my owne corruptions, lie prostrate here before the footstoole of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy onely Sonne, but made his precious *Blood* a Ransome to redeem me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himselfe to bee my *Saviour*: To thee therfore O my blessed *Jesus* whose *death* is my Deliverance I flee, Before thee (who art more mercifull, then I am miserable

Digitized by Google

serable) I fall: Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldned me, to present my groanes before thy gratious eares and to lay my burthen upon thy dying *Shoulders*: O *Lambe* of God which takest away the sins of the *World*, have mercy upon me: O Lambe of God that takest away the Burthen of my sinnes, have mercy upon me and grant me thy *Rest*; O thou that tookest my flesh upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*. Sanctifie my *thoughts*, Be mercifull to my *sins*, Be gracious to my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy Merits restore mee to the favour of my *God*. Let the freenesse of thy mercy release me from the burthen of my *Conscience*. Weane me from my self, Direct me in thy *Wayes*: Be thou my *Rest*, Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my

Digitized by Google

wavering

wavering *faith*. Recall my wandring *Hopes*: Give thy *Angels* chargeover me, whom I have so oft sent grieved away; Establish me with a free *Spirit*, and restore me to the joy of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come, and let my comming be rewarded in thy *Promise*: Let thy *word* comfort me, Let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counsell me, that being releived by the bounty of thy *Grace*, released from the *Burthen* of my sinnes, and redeemed by the vertue of thy Blood, I may come to thee with the *confidence* of a sonne, and be received of thee in the *compassion* of a Father; and after this life of *grace*, live with thee in thy kingdom of Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Sinners Sentence, and Sanctuary.*

O The miserable condition of *Mankind!* What loads of self-made *misery* is fallen upon the sonnes of men! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to *stand*; and being falne by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to *rise*. Hee was created *good*; but not content with such a goodnesse, grew covetous to increase it by the

Digitized by Google

the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodnesse. *Evill* hee desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God the sweetnesse of whose presence was the perfection of mans *felicity*; he rebelliously declined; And being the *Favorite* of Heaven, made himselfe a *Firebrand* of hell, and I his miserable child, am made more miserable by my own offences. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *Justice* I have so oft offended? What *Judgement* may I not suspect from that mercifull God, whose mercy I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, Sinne? Are not the *wages* of my sin *death*? If one *sinne* destroyed a world of

Digitized by Google

men

men, shall not a *world* of sinnes destroy one Man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Iustice* am now afraid to think him *Iust*: I that have slighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him mercifull: He that made the Eye, can he choose but see? He that sees all things, beholds he not my sinne? Can he behold my sinne, and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poor dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy*? Did he not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Blood* save me which I have spilt? Will that *Iudge* quit me, which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers

Digitized by Google

to

to heaven? Alas my very prayers will return like *Thunder bolts* upon my head: Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not lest they draw down vengeance into my bosome. Bee not afraid, my soule, Gods mercy far transcends thy misery. Cheare up; where sinne abounds, there grace abounds much more. O now my soule depart in peace, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*: Open thine eares and hear what the Spirit saith.

Iohn 11. 26.

He that believeth in me shall never die.

Rom. 1. 17.

The just shall live by faith.

Iohn. 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him,

Digitized by Google

him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Act. 16. 31.

Beleeve in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

Joh. 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and beleeveth in him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholique religion, is the light of the soule, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoyes all things in himselfe, that enjoyes himself; but he onely enjoyes himselfe that

Digitized by Google

that enjoyes his God, and he alone enjoyes his God, that beleeves in him.

Augustine.

No greater treasure then the true Catholique faith: It gives to the blinde, light; to the sick, health; to sinners, repentance; to the penitent, salvation.

His Soliloquy.

BUT is thy misery, O my soule, greater then his *mercy*? Tis true, the practice of thy life is *Sinne*; but the practise of his Mercy is *pardon*. The wages of thy sinne is *death*; but the merits of his death is *life*: Art thou afraid to think the God of vengeance *just*? and well thou mayest, if thou deny the

Digitized by Google

the God of mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath run thee in debt, and yong *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustfull soule, darken not the Sunshine of his power with the clouds of thy *Infidelity*: Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despaire*. Thinke not thy great Creator is thine enemy, when thy gratious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Creation? thou art absolv'd by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy Rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviours *Blood*: Take comfort, that very bloud which thou hast spilt will save thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: the Lord of glory whom

Digitized by Google

whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy sinnes. Fear not then, my soule, to flee to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to embrace thee, whose eyes are open to behold thee, whose lips are open to plead for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy paines, whose eares are open to heare thy prayers.

His Prayer.

O God that madest all things to serve man, that man might the more cheerfully serve thee, that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the unhappy sonne of my unhappy parents made

Digitized by Google

made more unhappy by mine own trangreſſions, doe here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my ſelfe the miſerable ſubject of thy utter wrath: Lord I have loſt the power to do what thou commandeſt, and am onely left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me: But yet O God thy mercy is no leſſe infinite than thy juſtice, and far more infinite then my ſins, and thou haſt promiſed life to all Beleevers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claime this gratious *Promiſe*, and what thou haſt commanded to be done, O give me power to doe. Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified: Look not upon thy ſervant O God but through the Blood of thy *Sonne*; and let

Digitized by Google

the

the merits of a Saviour, out-cry the demerits of a Sinner. Remember not what I a sinner have done, but call to thy remẽbrance what he my Savior hath suffered; O let his bloudy *sweat* anoint my bleeding wounds and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am sick, I flee to him as my *Physitian*; I am a trespasser, I flee to him my *Advocate*; I am a sinner, I flee to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquent, I flee to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a Sinner, I flee to him my *Saviour*. Let the shamefulnesse of his death expiate the sinfulnesse of my life; and let the willingnesse of his *Obedience*, satisfie for the wilfulnesse of my Rebellion: Let my sinnes, that cry louder then the sinnes of *Cain*, be washt in his *blood* which

Digitized by Google

speaks

speaks better things then the blood of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that beleeve: Lord I beleeve, Lord help my unbeleif: Quicken my soule with *faith*: Inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*, that knowing him I may beleeve in him; and beleeving in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosannas* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE POORE MANS *Want* and *Supply*.

GOd that created all things for mans use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creator*: But when the proud disloyalty of man rebelled, the *Creatures* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first Creator, to be anew dispos'd of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have dis-inherited

Digitized by Google

rited my ſelf of by my rebellion? Or how can I a dogge claim any intereſt in the Childrens *bread*? How dare I a *ſinner* intrude into the *portion* of the righteous? And if the righteous only ſhall inherit the land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If bleſſings be the proper due of *ſons*, what is due to me the greateſt of all *ſinners*? I am no Sonne, and therefore no *Heire*, that inſomuch what I poſſeſſe I enjoy not by *right*, but uſurpation. What have I that I can call mine owne? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a ſinner; I am *poor*, for I want the thing I have; I am *blinde*, for I cannot ſee my wants; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my ſhame. I can challenge nothing but my ſinne, my ſorrow, my puniſhment, my

Digitized by Google

ſhame;

shame: I can see nothing but that I am wretched and poore, and blind, and naked; I can expect nothing but what I first must receive; I can receive nothing, but what must first bee given: Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*; prayer hath no vertue but by *Faith*, and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse*? By what meanes shall I releive my wants? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse*? What cloathes shall hide my *nakednesse*? If I pray for what I want, I feat I shall not want what I deserve: I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *Talent*; I have divorst my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsa-

Digitized by Google

ken my God, and his blessings have forsaken me; I that have banisht my selfe from my *fathers* bounteous table, am now marshalled among *swine*. Return, return thee O my soule into thy fathers armes; Confesse thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith

Iohn 16. 23.

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.

1 *Iob*. 5. 14, 15.

And this is the confidence we have in him; if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; if we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

Iob, 14. 13.

Whatsoever yee aske in my name, that will I doe, that the

Digitized by Google

Father

Father may be glorified in the Sonne. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it ſhall be given you; ſeek, and you ſhall find; knock, and it ſhall be opened to you.

Pſal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gaveſt it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Iſidore.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtaines not the thing he deſires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we ſhall doubtleſſe receive what we deſire.

Ambroſe.

We have all things in Chriſt, and Chriſt is all things in us; If we are ſick, he is a Phyſitian; if we feare death, he is life; if in darkneſſe, hee is light; if in

want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of heaven, hee is the way.

His Soliloquy.

IF thy own Righteousnes only interest thee in heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth then from thy selfe, how vain were the merits of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the estate of a *Sinner*? But having no Righteousnesse but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? find him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast happinesse. Blinded with Errour? seek him, and thou art en-

enlightned with truth. Naked? find him, and thou ſhalt be cloathed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy Sin and thou ſhalt enjoy all things by thy *repentance*. Be ſenſible of thy miſery, and thou art capable of his *Mercy*. Haſt thou waſted thy Portion with the Prodigall? return to thy Father like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own unworthineſſe, and thy fathers *indulgence* will imbrace thee. Let not the ſenſe of thy own *wretchednesſe* diſcourage thee, nor the fear of his *diſpleaſure* diſhearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canſt thou diſtruſt the mercies of a heavenly Father? Go then my ſoule: Flee into his boſome by *contrition*, groan thy ſorrowes in his eare by penitent *confeſſion*; He that

Digitized by Google

hath called thee will accept thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will heare thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the Creator and giver of all good things by which wee are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service, I a poor off-cast among the Sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have misspent thy precious blessings, doe here return from *Husks* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended *Father*; I have usurpt thy favours, intruded into thy blessings,

Digitized by Google

blessings, and like a *Dog* devoured the childrens *bread*: O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodnesse and *All* in *All*; But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy *Word*: Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlasting; Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relieſe. Remove my retchednesse by thy Mercy; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient Grace; Recover my *blindnesse* by thy Light; Cover my *nakednesse* with thy Robe; Bee thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Love* be mine inheritance. Heare the *needy* when he calls upon thee, and help the

poore that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my mothers womb. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me: Provoke in my ſoule a thirſt after Righteouſneſſe, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *aſk* according to thy pleaſure, and grant my Requeſts according to thy promiſe. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy leiſure. What I poſſeſſe, O God, let me enjoy in Thee and *Thee* in it; Relieve my neceſſities according to thy will, and let thy pleaſure limit my deſires: In my proſperity let me not forget thee, and in my Adverſity let mee not forſake thee: With *Iacobs* wealth, Lord give me *Iacobs* bleſſing;

Digitized by Google

blessing: With *Lazarus* want, O give mee *Lazarus* reward: Both in want and wealth give me a contented minde; both in prosperity and adversity, give me a thankfull heart. Lord hear my prayer for thy mercy sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Iesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

Digitized by Google

The forgetfull Mans Complaint and Remembrancer.

WE are Gods *Husbandry*, our hearts are the *soyle*; whereof some is more fruitfull, some more barren, and both unprofitable. His holy Word is the seed, which sometimes falls upon a *leane ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*; The *cares* of the world are like *thornes* that spring up and choak it; *Persecutions*, like a sowltry summer, schorches it: The *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowles of

Digitized by Google

the

the ayre, which wait upon the *plough*, and licenced by the *prince* of the ayre devour it. How many dis-advantages, O God, attend upon thy *Husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soile* unfruitfull, and thy *Harvest* base and unprofitable? To what purpose doe I till my *land*? To what advantage doe I stirre my *fallowes*? I have no sooner sowed my willing *ground*, but the seed is stolne away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a prepared *heart*: I hear *glad tidings* with a cheerfull care, and then repose them in a joyfull breast; But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but emptinesse and *vanity*. The joys of what I gaind were swallowed with the griefe of what I lost. No sooner had I

Digitized by Google

set my Portalls open to let in the *King* of Glory, but loe the slightnesse of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the sepulcher of my Soule, and they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not finde him. O trecherous *Memory*, how hast thou betrayed my *Rest!* how hast thou lost the Balsom of thy Soule! How art thou heedlesse in preserving what my poore soule was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou choose but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of *life?* What shall now comfort thee in thy *Affliction?* O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptation?* or what shall windo up the *plum-*

Digitized by Google

mets-

mets of thy ſoule in *Deſperation*?

Chear up my ſoule; the *Pearl* which thou haſt loſt, is hidden in thy *field*, and time ſhall bring it forth; when ſharp *Afflictions* ſhall plough up the fallowes of thy heart, this Pearl ſhall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit ſaith

Joh. 14.26.

The holy Spirit ſhall bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you.

Iohn 15. 26.

When the Comforter ſhall come whom I will ſend from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he ſhall teſtifie of me.

1 *John* 2. 27.

The Annointing which yee have received of him abides in

Digitized by Google

you

you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same annointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lye, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Matth. 10. 19.

Take no thought, how, or what ye shall speake, for it shall be given you at the same houre what ye shall speak.

Greg. in 4. Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Beda.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is teacher, no forgetfulnesse where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Digitized by Google

Greg.

Grig.

The holy Spirit is an Antidote against seven poysons; It is wisdome against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulnesse of memory against forgetfulnesse, fortitude against feare, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profanenesse, humility against pride.

His Soliloquy.

THe strongest City (when force without and treachery within assailes it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soule to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devill* and the *World* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet think'st

Digitized by Google

thinkſt thou to ſuſtain no loſſe? Art thou ſo unexperienced in the Chriſtian war, to think thy *Magazine* ſafe upon ſo ſtrong a ſiege? Thou ſtoreſt thy heart with plenty of the bread of *life*, and canſt thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*. Thou ſoweſt thy ground with liberall *ſeed*, and thinkſt thou that Fowls of the ayre (being *Lucifers* own Regiment) will not rob thee of a ſhare: Thou filleſt thy *Treaſury* with ſummes of wealth, and canſt thou hope the Troops within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy ſelfe my ſoule; what's taken from thee with too ſtrong an arme, ſhall be no loſſe to thee; Conſent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulſions* ſhall never wrong thee; If thy domeſticke

Digitized by Google

Rebels

Rebels sequester thy whole Estate, thy loyaltie shall preserve thee. Cheare thee O then my soule, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed; thy *wrongs* shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His Prayer.

O God, without whose speciall blessing and successe, *Paul* plants in vaine, and *Apollo* waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, doe here acknowledge and confesse my

Digitized by Google

my own barrenneſſe, as moſt unworthy of thy paines. Lord thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *tryalls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy heavenly *Grace*, and ſowed it with thy pure Seed; yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the *coldneſſe* of the ſoyle ſtarves it, or the *cares* of the world choaks it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth increaſe worthy of thy paines or expectation. Lord I am thy *Husbandry*, continue thy careſull hand upon me, and ſupply my weakneſſe with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that haſt given thy Word for a *Lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, ſo open mine eyes, that I may behold

Digitized by Google

the

the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *world*, and the snares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Skreen*, to preserve this Lampe: Be thou my *Lantern*, to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *flesh*, may not obscure it, that the vanities of the *world* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Satan* may not consume it: Unlock mine *eares*, that I may hear what thou commandest: Lock thou my *memory*, that I may retain what I heare: Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retain; and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindnes. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to

Digitized by Google

keep

keep thy *Statutes.* Remember thy word to thy ſervant, upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my *helper*: Behold I am comfortleſſe, be thou my *Comforter.* Reſtrain his malice that ſteales thy word from out thy ground, that when the time comes, thy *Harveſt* may bee fruitfull, and I thy *ſervant* being found faithfull may enter into my Maſters joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Widdowes Distresse,* and *Releife.*

SO vaine, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happinesse of mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, and the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefes* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miserable in the enjoying it: The greatest of all worldly joyes are but *bubbles* full of ayre, that break with the fulnesse of their own vanity, and but at best like *Ionahs* Gourd, which

which please us while they **Last**, and vex us in the losse: *Past* and *future* happinesse are the miseries of the time *present*; and *present* happiness is but the *passage* to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessour*, perish in the very using; what was mine *yesterday* in the blessednes of a full fruition, *to day* hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it was mine: The more I call to mind the joyes I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *Sunne* is set, my *glory* is darkned, and not one *star* appeares in the *Firmament* of my little world: He from whose loynes I came; is taken from me: He to whose bosome I returned is taken from me: My Blessings in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from

me;

me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my ſelf to bewail the loſſe of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-caſt title of an *Orphan*; I that was reſpected by the honourable title of a *Wife*, am now rejected by the deſpiſable name of a *Widdow*: I that flouriſht like a fruitfull vine upon the houſe top, am now neglected and trodden under foot; He that like a ſtrong *wall* ſupported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Cluſters* to the ſpoyle of ravenous *ſwine*: The *Spring-tides* of my Plenty are ſpent, and I am graveld on the low *ebbes* of all wants: The *Sowners* of my *Mirth* are turned to *Elegies* of Mourning: My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels on the *duſt*: I call

Digitized by Google

to my *friends*, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me: My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up. But stay my soule, plunge not too farre; shall not he take that gave? Cannot hee that took restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith

I will be an Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherlesse.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherlesse child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widowes, and your children fatherlesse.

Digitized by Google

Zach.

Zach. 3. 5.

I will be a ſwift witneſſe againſt thoſe that oppreſſe the widow and the fatherleſſe.

Iames 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To viſit the fatherleſſe and widow in their affliction.

Auguſtine.

God is all things to thee: Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirſty? He is water: Art thou in darkneſſe? He is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a widow? he is thy husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Auguſtine.

Whatſoever is not God, is not deſireable: Whatſoever my God beſtowes upon me, let him deprive me of, ſo as he leave himſelfe: Let him take away

Digitized by Google

his gift, so he give me the Giver.

Her Soliloquy.

HOw has the *sunshine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soule has this *light* discried, which in thy naturall *Twi-light* were not visible! Excessive sadnesse for so great a losse can want no Argument from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of Nature. A husband is thy selfe *divided*: Thy children thy selfe *multiplied*; for whom (when snatcht away) God allowes some *grains* to thy affections; but when they

Digitized by Google

they exceed the allowance, they will not passe in heavens account but must bee coyn'd againe. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a teare; and cannot he my soule, displease thee once without so many? Does the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a temporall losse so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Has thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted? True symptomes of more flesh then spirit; Thy husband was the *gift*; thy God, the *giver*; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* then the *gift*? Be wise, my soule, if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God*; having therefore wet thy wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Natures Sunshine.

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happinesse, but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, doe here addresse my selfe to thee the onely *crown* of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variablenes*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord, thou diddest give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me,

Digitized by Google

me; but thou hast taken from me what thy goodnes hath promised to supply: Thou hast given, and thou hast taken, blessed be thy Name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not lesse able to performe then willing to promise, whose mercy is ready to bestow, then my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may beleeve thy *promises*: Encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *all* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darknesse with the sunne of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldnesse call thee my Father, Sanctifie

Digitized by Google

my actions with the Spirit of [illegible] that my conversation may testifie that I am thy child. Weane thy heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let thy marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings. Prompt me by thy Grace. Preserve me for thy selfe; Separate me for thy Kingdome. Bee thou a Father, to blesse me: Bee thou a Husband to comfort me. In the middle of my ways, bee thou my pleasure. In the depth of my mourning, bee thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and when my dust shall sleep, bee thou my praise.

Be

Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: Let them flourish in the Sunne-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

Digitized by Google

THE *Afflicted mans trouble* and *deliverance.*

WHich way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *misery*, and Emblems of *mortality*; if I look up, there I behold an angry *God*, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared *hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left

Digitized by Google

left hand and there adversity enforces me to *dispaire*. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: I look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me; In all which, I perceive nothing but *misery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery the *paraphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh* and the *Devill*. The world troubles mee with her cares: The flesh troubles me with *infirmities*: The Devil troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *feares* to lose: If poore, I am

Digitized by Google

troubled with cares to get; If single, troubled to seek a wife: If married, troubled to please a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble: If childless, I am as much troubled for an heire: If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs*; If sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour*: If in my businesse, troubled with *vexations*: If in my devotion, troubled with *distractions*: Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I runne to avoid this *trouble*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I encline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madnes, therefore *trouble*. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction; therefore trouble. Or shall my wiser heart search

Digitized by Google

out

out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdome is much griefe; and who encreaseth knowledge, encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to ayde? To whom shall I addresse my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me: O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flee away and be at *rest*. But whether wouldst thou flee? flee from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voyce that sayes *Psal.* 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

Psal. 91. 15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all

Digitized by Google

all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we our selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee, I answered thee in the secret place of Thunder.

Grey.

It is the work and providence of Gods secret counsell, that the dayes of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home; God therefore in his secret wisdome afflicts our travell with continuall trouble, lest

Digitized by Google

left the delight of our journey might take away the desire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is replenisht with so many evils, that death is rather a remedy then a punishment; God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquy.

BE wise my soule, and what thou canst not remedy, endure. Does the world trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath *overcome* the world. Does the *flesh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members: Does the

Digitized by Google

the *Divell* trouble thee? *Resist* the Devill, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *abundance*? Be not too carefull for *to morrow*: Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Does sicknes trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Does strength of constitution trouble thee with concupiscence? *Fast and pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with vexation? Let those *vexations* weane thee from the world: Is thy devotion troubled with *distractions*? Let those distractions bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee? Make *godlinesse* thy gain. Does crosses trouble thee? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation: Thus whilst thou struglest against the stream of Nature, thou shalt be car-

Digitized by Google

carried with a Gale of Grace, and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee; He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest: Doe what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His Prayer.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whose wayes are inscrutible, whose judgements are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy afflicted Suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewaile the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my owne Con-

Digitized by Google

Conscience, and thy fatherly corrections; which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sinne, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my trouble, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet commands and in firme confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended knees, O God, present thee with a broken heart; thy sacrifices O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace. Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power: Suppresse the cares of the world that so oppresse

preſſe me; Subdue the exorbitances of the flesh that ſo moleſt me; Curb the inſolencies of the Devill, that ſo afflict me: Endue my arm with power, and arme my heart with patience: Make haſte, O God, to heare me, make ſpeed O Lord to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy ſervant O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remember thy promiſe to the ſonne of thy Hand-maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble; I call to thee in the time of my diſtreſſe, deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Conſider O Lord, I am but duſt; O magnifie thy power in my weaknes. Remember, O God, that I have beene long afflicted, O magnifie thy mercy in my Deliverance. For in Death there is no remembrance of

Digitized by Google

thee,

of thee, and in the Grave who can tongue can praise thee? My bones are vexed, and my soule is troubled, but thou, O Lord how long? how long? Behold my griefes, for they are great; Regard my troubles, for they are many: Quicken my soul for thy Names sake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall my soule rejoyce in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

THE

The deserted Mans Misery and Comfort.

When I consider but the goodnesse of my God, in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vilenesse in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot chuse but wonder at his mercy; in that I live, and am not snacht away from the possibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that's branded with the mark of death? And what happinesse is this *possibility*.

Digitized by Google

sibility of Repentance, which hath no strength to actuate it, but thy own. My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and, I feare thy God hath forsaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that *Sun* that once revived me; Me thinks I lack the comfort of those *beames* that once refresht me: Me thinks I feare where no feare is; and where I most should fear I find my selfe no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore surprized my ravisht soul, have now no rellish in my drowsie eare: Those heart-confounding *judgements*, whose very whispers in former times would split my soule in sunder, now moove not if they thunder. Those sinfull *thoughts*

Digitized by Google

that

that preſt my ſoule like Millstones, can now be acted, and reacted without a ſigh. Thoſe heavenly Prophets, whoſe preſence filled mee with delight, now trouble not my patience with their abſence. My heart is a lumpe of *dead fleſh*, my ſoule is ſtricken with a *dead palſie*, my affections with a *Lethargie*. My *zeale* is frozen, my *faith* is bed-rid, my *charity* is dead, and my greateſt *griefe* is, that I cannot grieve. The *marke* of *Cain* is upon me, and I feare that every *Beaſt* that meets me will devoure mee. O my ſoule, what *comfort* can remaine with thee, when the God of comfort hath forſaken thee? What ſafety canſt thou finde when thou haſt loſt the GOD of peace? VVhat would

Digitized by Google

would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God? what pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure. Cheare up my soule; who gives thee a heart to desire, will likewise give thee thy *hearts desire*; Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence, is the *Symptome* of his presence: Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despaire, which saith

Isay 54. 7.

For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

Deut. 4. 31.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which hee sware unto them.

Digitized by Google

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Iesuah 2. 5.

I will not faile thee nor forsake thee.

Neh. 9. 31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despaire; Let none conscious of his old sinnes make himself uncapable of divine grace: For God knowes how to change his sentance, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

When ever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is

Digitized by Google

thy

thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aide in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleepes nor slumbers, though for a time hee seemes a farre off. Feare not, He will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquy.

IF thy breath, O my soule, fayle thee but a minute, thou dyest; If thy *health* forsake thee a while, thou languishest; If thy *sleepe* leave thee, thou art distempered; No wonder if thy God withdrawes, that thou art troubled: Deject not, O my soule, nor let thy thoughts despaire. Stay thee with his *promises*, and comfort thee with his

Digitized by Google

mercies.

mercies. Doſt thou mourn for him? Thou ſhalt be *comforted* in him: Doſt thou thirſt after him? Thou ſhalt be *filled* with him: He that ſuffers not a *cup* of cold water for his ſake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Teare* for his love to be unregarded. Hee withdraws to ſharpen thy deſire: He ſeems loſt to enflame the ſeeker: He forſakes thee a while, that hee may be thine for ever: Thou wanteſt him, becauſe thou deſireſt him: Thou deſireſt him, becauſe thou loveſt him: Thou couldſt not love him, had he not firſt loved thee; and whom he loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath ſent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou haſt loſt him by thy ſinnes, ſeek him by true repentance; and if thou find him

Digitized by Google

by thy prayer, entertaine him with thy thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

O God without the *sun-shine* of whose gracious eye, the creature sits in *darkness*, and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very life and true *delight* of those that love thee: Cast down thine eyes of Pitie upon a lost *sheep* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold*, into the Desart of his own *lusts*: What dangers can I chuse but meet that have run my self out of thy *Protection*? What *Sanctuary* can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the

Digitized by Google

the God of comfort and conſolation? Retnrn thee, O great *Shepheard* of my ſoule, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken mee: Diſperſe theſe *clouds* of ſinnes, that ſtand betwixt thy angry face, and my benighted ſoule. Remove that curſed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath ſet betwixt thy deafned eare and my confuſed prayers, and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon me: Leave me not, O God, unto my ſelfe; O Lord, forſake mee not too long; for in me dwells nothing but deſpaire, and the terrors of Hell have taken hold of me. Caſt me not away from thy preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart

Digitized by Google

of ſtone, and give me, O good God, a heart of fleſh, that it may be capable of thy mercies and ſenſible of thy judgements: Plant in my heart a feare of thy name, and deliver my ſoul from carnall ſecurity: Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, and hate what thou hateſt: Kindle my zeal with a coale from thine Altar, and increaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burneſt, and never goeſt out, kindle me. O ſacred light that alwayes ſhineſt and art never dark, illuminate me. O ſweet Ieſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoule with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languiſh with the onely deſire of thee; Let it alwayes deſire thee, and ſeeke thee, and finde thee; and ſweetly

Digitized by Google

reſt

rest in thee: Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

Digitized by Google

THE *Humble Mans Depression* and *Exaltation.*

HOw more then happy are thoſe ſonnes of men, that meaſure no further ground then from the ſacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave!* How bleſſed are thoſe Infants, which never lived to taſte thoſe dear-bought *penny-worths* of deceitfull earth? Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleaſure-gilded griefe:

Digitized by Google

griefe: Here is nothing but ſubſtantiall *ſorrowes*, cloathed in the ſhades of falſe delight: Looke where I liſt there is nothing can appear before mine eye, but *ſorrow*, the lamentable object of my miſery. Contemplate where I liſt, here is nothing can preſent before my thoughts but *miſery*, the object of my mourning. My ſoule is a ſparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with *luſt*: an *Image* of my glorious Creator, but blur'd with *ſinne*; a parcell of mortall *immortality*, reſerv'd for *death*. My *underſtanding* is darkned with *errour*; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with *ſenſuality*; my *memory*, like a Sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the *flower* paſſe; my *affections* are aguiſh to *good*, and feveriſh to *evill*: my *faith* wa-

Digitized by Google

veins; my *hope* tyres; my *charity* freezes: my *thoughts* are vain; my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinfull; My *body* is a Tabernacle of *griefe*, an Hospitall of *diseases*, a tenement of *death*, a sepulcher of a sinfull *soul*: O my soul, how canst thou own thy selfe without *dejection*, that canst not view thy selfe without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few teares! a lump of earth, quickned with a span of life. Thy life is short and evill, truly *miserable*, because evill; onely *happy*, because short. When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: When thou strugglest with *evill*, thy strength failes. For this my soule is humbled, and my spirits are depress: For this I loath my selfe, and view my misery with *indigna-*

Digitized by Google

tion,

tion. But chear up my soule, and let not thy thoughts be over-prest. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? feare not. Dost thou feare? despaire not. Dost thou despair? persist not; Hark what the God of truth hath said,

Luke 14. 11.

He that is humble, shall be exalted.

Prov. 29. 23.

A mans pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1 *Pet.* 5. 6:

Humble your selves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Digitized by Google

Job. 22. 29.

When men are caſt down, then thou ſhalt ſay, There is lifting up, and God ſhall ſave the humble perſon.

Caſſid.

By humility, the members of Chriſt know how to overcome the pride of the Devill. By this, the faithfull command: By this, tyranny is conquered: By this, the Martyrs are crowned: Neither can there be a perfection of vertue where there is a defect of humility.

Auſtin.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lyes low: Wilt thou deſire thy journeys end, and yet refuſe the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not ſeeking, obtaines what it contemns.

Digitized by Google

His Soliloquy.

ALL vertues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are beſieged with two *vices*; *Humility*, the fundamentall of all vertues, is not exempted: Some puft up with their owne lowlineſſe, grow proud, becauſe humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperiſtaſis*; this is ſpirituall pride. Others, taking too ſingle a view of their own corruptions; and, more ſenſible of the diſeaſe then of the *remedy*, are caſt into deſpondency of mind, and this is called *dejection*: The firſt froths up into *preſumption*; the ſecond ſettles down into a *deſpaire*. How canſt thou, O my ſoule, in this Tempeſt, eſcape this

Digitized by Google

this *Scylla*: or avoid that *Charibdis*? Dost thou feare the tossing *waves*? Contract thy *sayles*: Feareſt thou the Quick-ſands? Uſe thy *Compaſſe*: He that ſtills the waves, will aſſiſt thee; hee that commands the Sea, will adviſe thee: Look not onely on thy *Loadſtone*, for then thou wilt not ſee thy *danger*; nor only on thy miſery, for then thou wilt not be ſenſible of thy *deliverance*. If thy humility puffe thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *dejection* knock thee down no, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my ſoule, to Gods mercy, ſo as thou maiſt be ſenſible of thy owne *miſery*; and ſo looke down on thy own miſery, as thou maiſt be capable of Gods mercy.

His

His Prayer.

ETernall God, who scatterest the proud in the Imaginations of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite spirit, bow down thy gracious eare to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it selfe before thy mercy. Lord I am ashamed of my own corruptions, and utterly loath my own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for my own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile selfe before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord if thy mercy

Digitized by Google

exceeded

exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transceended not my sinne, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made my selfe farre lesse then nothing: Revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quencht: Clense thy image in me, which my sinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my Will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retaine good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things: Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Season my words with thy Spirit;

Digitized by Google

rit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdome: Subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh: Restrain the fury of my unbridled passions: Reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may doe what I desire: Give me a true knowledge of my selfe, and make me sensible of my own infirmities: Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve, that I may bee truly thankfull for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despaire, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse

Digitized by Google

neſſe, and truly humbled by the ſight of my owne weakneſſe, I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the Kingdome of thy glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

The Sinners Conflict and Conqueſt.

WHen *ſinne* entred into the world, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the firſt and the ſecond, this *ſpirituall*, that *naturall*; the firſt a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoule, and is *temporall*; the ſecond, a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoule from the favour of God, and is *eternall*; the firſt is terrible; the ſecond, intolerable. If the firſt death ſo terrified the Lord

Digitized by Google

of

of *life*, how terrible will the ſecond be to me the *child* of death? If every triviall griefe diſturbs my thoughts; if every petty ſickneſſe diſtempers my body; if the very thought of death diſmayes my ſoule, how horrible will *death* it ſelfe appeare? O when the ſilver *cord* ſhall be diſſolv'd, the golden *Boule* demoliſht, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Ciſtern* wheels ſtopt? how will the whole *univerſe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and ſhall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea-ſhore hath ſands; all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *ſecond* death. O treacherous and ſoule-deſtroying *ſinne*; how haſt thou thus betrayed me to *eternall* death, by thy falſe, momentary

Digitized by Google

mentary & deceitfull *pleaſures*? How haſt thou bewitcht mee with thy flattering *ſmiles*, and with thy counterfeit delights thus tickled me to death! Thou haſt not onely deprived me of a tranſitory *life*, but led me into the hideous jawes of an everla-ſting *death*; Thou haſt not only divorc'd my miſerable ſoule from her beloved body, but ſeparated both ſoul and body from the favours of my God, and left them to the inſufferable torments of *eternity*. O my ſoule, can thy *life* be leſſe then miſerable, which being ended, is tranſported to ſo infinite a miſery? How can thy *death* be leſſe then terrible, which opens the Gates to ſuch eternall torments! what wilt thou doe? Or whither wilt thou flee? Thy *actions* cannot ſeve thee, nor thy *flight* ſecure

Digitized by Google

cure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it selfe through thy weaknes. Repair to thy colours, O my soule, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *Generall*, He hath foild thy enemy and disarmd him: Stand fast: He is conquerd, if thou strive to conquer: Hark what thy Generall saith,

Revel. 2. 11.

He that overcommeth, shall not bee hurt of the second death.

Revel. 2. 7.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eat of the Tree of life, which is in the middest of the Paradise of God.

Revel. 3. 21.

To him that overcommeth I will grant to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame,

Digitized by Google

came, and am set downe with my Father in his Throne.

Revel. 2. 17.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eate of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. *Moral.*

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world, for the reward of a better; to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversity.

S. Hi-

Digitized by Google

Hieron. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we levell at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

His Soliloquy.

OUr life is a *warfare*; and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of good and evill *motions*: These under the conduct of the *flesh*; Those under the command of the *spirit*: The two *Generalls*, God, and the Devill; The *field*, the heart: The word, on the one side, *Glory*; one the other side, *Pleasure*: The reward of both

Digitized by Google

both *Eternity*; on that ſide, of *Happineſſe*; on this ſide of *Torment*: How is thy heart, O my ſoule, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How doe two *Nations* ſtrive within thee? Cheare up, take courage in the *Reward* that is ſet before thee: So fight, that thou mayſt conquer; ſo runne that thou mayſt obtain: Let not the *policy* of the Enemy diſmay thee; nor thy own *fewneſſe* diſanimate thee: Advance therefore, O my dull ſoul; fear not the *fiery darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flyes by night: Preſſe towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit reſiſt to *Blood*; Take courage from thy *Cauſe*, thou fighteſt for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takeſt up Armes againſt his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Luſts*: Is thy Enemy too potent? feare

Digitized by Google

nor:

not: Art thou beſieged? faint not: Art thou routed? flye not: Call ayde, and thou ſhalt be ſtrengthened: Petition, and thou ſhalt be relieved: Pray, and thou ſhalt be recruted.

His Prayer.

O God, to whom belong the iſſues of death, at whoſe terrible Name the very Foundation of my ſoule trembles, I a poor convicted ſinner accuſed by my own conſcience, and ready to be condemned by thy juſtice, do here in the very wounding of my heart, confeſſe my ſelfe a miſerable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where ſhall I find that mercy, but in my mer-

Digitized by Google

ciſull Redeemer? Bleſſed Redeemer, that haſt promiſed victory to thoſe that ſtrive, and life to thoſe that overcome; teach thou my hands to warre, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the world may not ſeduce it: Give me a conſtant ſpirit, that the pleaſures of the fleſh may not entice it: Give me a wiſe forecaſt, that the ſubtilty of the Devill may not entrap me: Let not the multitude of mine enemies diſcourage me, nor the greatneſſe of their power diſmay me, nor the weakneſſe of my arme diſhearten me. Thou that gaveſt little *Iſrael* victory againſt great *Pharaoh*, ſtrengthen me: Thou that gaveſt little *David* the day againſt the great *Goliah*, ſuccour me: Thou that gaveſt ſingle *Sampſon* con-

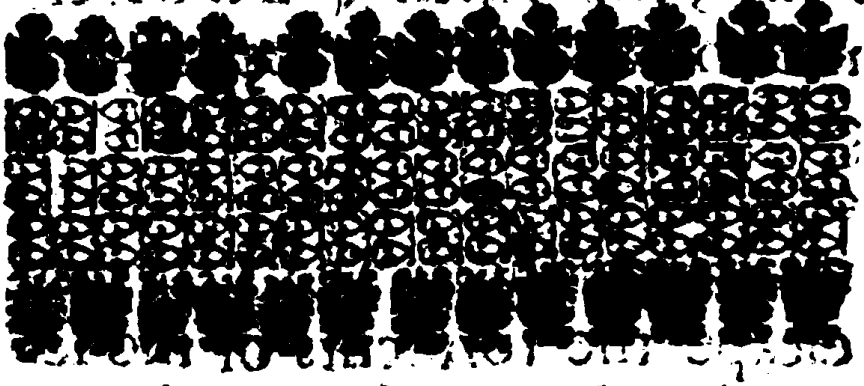
Digitized by Google

queſt againſt the numerous Philiſtines, ſave me. Lord fight againſt them that fight againſt my ſoule: Ariſe, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded: Lord ſhield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many: Deliver mee from the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evill, and that continually: Let not the frailty of my youth beſet me, and keep me from the danger of my ſecret ſinnes: Double my watchfulneſſe upon my *Dalilah*, that is ſo apt to kiſſe me, and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to ſtrive, no power to ſtand, no hope to conquer: Suſtain me, that I may not faint: Second me, that I may not flee: Strengthen me, that I may not yeeld: Gird my loynes with truth, and let my breaſt-

Digitized by Google

breastplate be thy Righteousnesse; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a Crown of glory; that having past the terrours of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Digitized by Google



Syons Decay and Defence,

DOeſt ask me, why ſo ſad? Or can my ſorrow be thy wonder? Canſt thou, Or can thine eye expect a *Sun-ſhine* where the greater *Lamp* of heavens is Eclipſt? Or can my heart be frolique when the *Vineyard* of my ſoule is blaſted? Can the *children* of the Bride-chamber chooſe but hang their heads, to ſee the *Bridegroome* ſlighted, and the *Brides* lovely cheeks pro-

Digitized by Google

faned

faned with every peſants hand: Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and frisk upon the pleaſant plaines, when as their worried Mothers tremble at the Queſt of every *Curre*? What member can rejoyce, when as the body is diſmembred? *Syon* the glory of heaven is darkned, and her bright beames obſcured: *Syon* the Vineyard of our ſoules is blaſted, & her *cluſters* are grown ſowre: *Syon*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her blood-waſht *Robes* are ſoyld and ſlubberd: *Syon*, the *Miſtreſſe* of our Flocks is overpowred, and her tender Lambs have no protection: *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breſts are dry: *Syon*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it ſelfe, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can

Digitized by Google

my distressed soule finde rest, when *Sion* the rest of my distressed soul is oppress. How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish oare of *Infidels*! How many, roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banisht from their native soyles, and driven from their usurpt possessions? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed: her fences broken; her hedge trodden downe; her body torn by *Schismaticks*; cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with *fiery spirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*; her Shepheards are turned Wolves, and have devoured her flocks: Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is neare unto her gates:

Digitized by Google

gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roofe. But hearke, I hear a heavenly voyce whispering glad tidings in my eare, which saith,

Isay 27.3.

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.

Psal. 69.35.

The Lord will save *Sion*, and will build the Cities of *Judah*, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 87.5.

Of *Sion* it shall be said, This and that man was born in her, and the highest himselfe shall establish her.

Isai. 14.30.

The Lord hath founded *Sion*,

Digitized by Google

and the power of his people shall trust in it.

Isay 12. 6.

Cry out, and shout, thou inhabitant of *Zion*, for great is the holy One of *Israel* in the midest of thee.

Orig, Hom. 10. *in divers.*

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She trusted in thee, and shee is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For

Digitized by Google

their

their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

The Soliloquy.

WHo is not interested in the miseries of *Sion*? What sadnesse may not be justified in her *calamity*? O my soule, thou mayest here spend thy selfe in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in teares: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy teares exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy griefe exclude thy *hope*: Mourn not for the *Bride* as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no *power*; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self, *forgetfull*: No no, my soule, he that suffers her

Digitized by Google

to ſuffer, will ſuſtein her in her ſufferance, and crown her ſufferings: When ſhe is perſecuted, ſhe proſpers; when ſhe is oppreſt, ſhee flouriſhes; in her contempt, ſhe gaines honour; in her wounds, victories; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *crown*; and with her crown of thornes, a *Crowne* of *glory*: Can ſhee be more like her Bridegroom then in *affliction*? Can ſhe more reſemble her husband then in *perſecution*? Remember, O my ſoule, ſhe is a *Plant* of his right hands planting and who can pluck it up? Feare not, this *Vine* muſt proſper in ſpight of oppoſition: Yet know my ſoule, thou ſhalt not proſper, nor ſee good dayes, unleſſe thou wiſh proſperity to *Jeruſalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

Digitized by Google

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of Sion, and the glory of thy Ieruſalem, and the Joy of thine elect, behold the mangled *body* of thy diſtreſſed Church. Relieve the miſeries of her diſtempered *members*: She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory: She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace: Shee is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love: She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power: She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: We are her *members*, ſanctifie us with thy righteouſneſſe. Let not the malice of Satan

Digitized by Google

tan discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturbe her: Let not the gates of hell prevaile against her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unity in her selfe, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progresse: Repaire her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wilde Bore: Blesse all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appeare to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance, and superstition: and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty; Behold her Branches

which

which ſuffer for thy name; and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is form'd againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues that ſpeak againſt her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open and glorifie the houſe of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy juſtice to the King, and thy Righteouſneſſe to the Kings ſonne: Seaſon thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bleſſe the houſe of *Levi*, and bleſſe the houſe of *Aaron*. Turne thy countenance to thy firſt love, the Iewes, and take not thy Candleſtick from thy choſen, the Gentiles; that having one Shepherd, we may be one Flock; and having

Digitized by Google

having one faith, we may bee one Church; and having one heart to pleaſe thee, we may have one voice to praiſe thee here militant in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter triumphant in the Kingdome of Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Mourners Calamity* and *Consolation.*

For Stoicisme to rejoyce at *funerals*, and lament at *births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* then to Reason. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any termes, but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth, purchast on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knowes him-

self

Digitized by Google

ſelfe a *Man*, need ſeek no further for a cauſe to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakneſſe*, the ſpoile of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconſtancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what beſides, but *fleam* and *choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull comming into the world: His *life* a ſinfull continuance in the world: His *death* a dreadfull going out of the world. His *Birth* brings him into the *ſhop* of ſinne: his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to ſinne; his *youth* makes him *free* in ſinne; his *full age* trades in ſinne; his *old age* breaks him; his *laſt ſickneſſe* arreſts him, and *death* caſts him into priſon. The *pleaſure* he takes is to diſpleaſe his God; his *buſineſſe* is to diſturb his Neighbour; his ſtudy is, to deſtroy himſelfe; his beſt

Digitized by Google

labour

labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour, is *vexation of spirit*; his mirth is a *short madnesse*; his sorrow a long *torment*; his recreation is a *formall Antick*; his devotion an *antick formality*; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity*, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but angry *shadowes* to beguile him; his honours are but frothy pleasures to betray him; his profit is but golden fetters to beslave him; the effect whereof is *sin*, the end whereof is *death*. In briefe, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soule, is this the pleasure that this world promises? Is this that happinesse that this great promiser affords: had man no

hopes

Digitized by Google

hopes of greater happineſſe then earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a Beaſt! What happineſſe can counterpoiſe his ſorrow? What mirth can countervaile his miſery? What comfort is there in this *Houſe of Mourning*? Where then ſhall I repoſe my truſt? On whom ſhall my cruſht hopes relye? Dareſt thou beleeve the *word* of Truth? Hark what the word of *Truth* hath ſaid,

Matth. 5. 4.

Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.

Pſal. 119. 50.

This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Iſay 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance to comfort all that mourn.

Digitized by Google

Ier.

Jer. 31.13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them and make them rejoyce from their ſorrow.

Pſal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which haſt ſhewed me great and ſore troubles, ſhalt quicken mee againe, and ſhalt bring mee up againe from the depths of the earth; Thou ſhalt encreaſe my greatnes, and comfort me on every ſide.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice, and the light of Truth: But Lord, thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſſe, and the ſhadow of death; haſt called mee into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

Digitized by Google

Chryſol.

Though wee have ſowne in teares, yet we ſhall reape in joy; yea, though we have ſown but a very few tears, which God hath in a ſmall bottle, yet we ſhall reap all the infinite joyes which God hath in heaven: Though we have wanted wine a little while, yet in the end Chriſt ſhall turne all our water into wine, all our ſadneſſe into gladneſſe, all our muſing into Muſick, all our ſighing into ſinging.

Bern. in Ser. de Reſur.

We finde glory in the Croſſe; to us that are ſaved it is the power of God, and the fulneſſe of all vertues.

His

Digitized by Google

His Soliloquy.

MYsery is the badge of *Mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man: He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a teare; yet, O my soule, hadst thou not seen thy own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*; hadst thou beene blinde to thine *Infirmities*; had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse beene blockt up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thy own *destruction*! O my soule, it is a great part of *safety* to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover

Digitized by Google

the

the diſeaſe; a faire progreſſe towards *happineſſe*, to behold thy own miſery: But *evills* diſcovered and no more, grow ſharper by the diſcovery: He only uſes a foreſeen *danger*, that endeavours to avoid it: He profits by a diſcovered *diſeaſe*, that labours to amend it: He takes benefit by previſed miſery, that ſtrives to eſchew it. Being fairly warn'd, my ſoule, be thou as ſtrongly armd: Doeſt thou plead *weakneſſe*? be courageous, and thou ſhalt be victorious: Does *ſadneſſe* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou ſhalt bee comforted: remember thou art militant. Doeſt thou finde thy ſelfe timorous? ſtrengthen thy ſelfe with reſolution: Doſt thou finde thy ſelfe ſpent? fortifie thy ſelfe by Prayer.

Digitized by Google

His Prayer.

O God, that heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and bottleſt up the teares of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious eare and hear the torments of a grieved breſt: Look on my teares, and read in them what my cloſed lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou madeſt me free, but I have loſt my freedom by my rebellion: Thou madeſt me like thy ſelfe, but I have blurd thine Image by my ſinne: Thou madeſt me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madeſt me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou madeſt me

Digitized by Google

a Man, but I have made my selfe a worm and no man. Lord I see the misery of my owne Condition, and without thy mercy I am worse then nothing. But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from generation to generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that grieve, and comfort to them that mourne: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees, I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance: Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights sorrow, and let the joy of thy good Spirit chear me in the morning: Let me not grieve like those that goe into the pit, nor let my mourning be like theirs that have no hope: Let not the vaine comforts of the world please me, nor

Digitized by Google

the

the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me: Make me a willing Prisoner to my griefe, untill thou please to shew thy selfe the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrowes to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences: Dissolve my head into a tide of teares, that thou maist wash away the filth of my corruptions: Let nothing stop the current, but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dryed in the sunshine of thy favour. Accept O God, of this wet sacrifice of teares, and let my groaning be a peace offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these

Digitized by Google

my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits, that my sad soule being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endlesse comfort, and thy Name eternall Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Serpents Subtilty, and Defeat*

WHat miserable dignity belongs unto the honourable name of *man*! What sad Prerogatives pertain to that unhappy Generation of *Mankinde*! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of selfe-corrupted *earth*? created to *happinesse*, born to *sorrow*: And what is

Man-kind, but a tranſitory ſucceſſion of *Miſery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entayld from generation to generation? Each particular man is the ſhort and ſad ſtory of *Man-kind*, written by his own deare experience, in a more favourable ſtile, wherein every one is naturally inclined to ſpare himſelfe, and hide his nakedneſſe among the *ſhades*; where, being loſt, hee ſeekes himſelfe unfound, or finds himſelfe unknowne, or knowes himſelfe moſt miſerable. The Devill appeard not as a *Lyon*; ſtrength could not conſtraine an upright ſoule: He appeard not as a *Dragon*; feare coould not compell a dauntleſſe ſpirit: But he appeard a *Serpent* to inſinuate and creep into the boſome of his ſoft affections: How often is this ſtory acted

Digitized by Google

acted by me the miserablest of *Adams* sonnes. Behold how the forbidden Tree of vain delights stands laden with her pleasant *fruits* : See how the *Serpent* twists, and winds, and tempts the weaker *vessell* of my body, which having yeelded, tasts and tempts my better part ! Which done, what nakednesse, what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakednes, my shame ? And when the *voyce* of my crying conscience calls me in the *coole* of my lusts ; O how I start, and tremble, and seek for covert among the trees; where being found at last, and question'd, my soule accuses the infirmity of my body ; my body accuses that serpentine temptation ; so that all three being

partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soule, art thou surprized: Thus every moment does this twisting *serpent* tempt and oversome thy frailty; Thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplyed upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collapsed estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam* in his perfection did not conquer? Chear up, my soule, there is a *Champion* found shall curbe this *Serpents* power, and heaven hath spoke it:

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

Digitized by Google

1 *Joh.*

1 *Ioh.* 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that hee might destroy the wotks of the Devill.

Revel. 17. 14.

Hee shall make warre with the Lambe, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Eph. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of faith, wherewith yee shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysost. super Mat.

He forced him not; he touched him not; only said, *Cast thy selfe down*; that wee may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devill, casteth himselfe down: for the Devill may suggest, compell he cannot.

Bern. in Ser.

It is the Devils part to sug-

Digitized by Google

geſt; Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo oft we overcome him; ſo often as we overcome him, ſo often wee bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who propoſeth us, that we may contend; and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

His Soliloquy.

MAn by the power of the tranſcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*: Man through diſobedience loſt this power, and that arbitrary *goodneſſe* is turnd to neceſſary *evill*: The whole *Maſſe* is corrupted, and lyes in the ſame condition it made it ſelfe; but God out of an unſearch-

Digitized by Google

searchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wisdome (not violating his justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls hee pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*; the rest he left to it selfe: As it had bin no *injustice* in God to leave the whole in the perditiō it had cast it self; so it was an inscrutable mercy to draw out some part out of that selfe made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soule, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy busines is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*: But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*: But how shall it appeare by searching? By the *fruit* thou shalt know the Tree: Examine thy heart; Dost thou finde there a love to God for his

Digitized by Google

owne sake, and a love to thy neighbour for Gods sake? and so both for obedience sake? go thy wayes, thou art in the *will*; and the *seed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents head.

The Prayer.

O God that didst create mankinde for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst them being lost, with the blood of thy onely son; and hast preserved him by thy free mercy, and continuall providence: I a poor sonne of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies: Lord, what am I what thou shouldst look upon mee? and what is the sonne of thy hand-

Digitized by Google

handmayd, that thou shouldst think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are an abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is sinne, and there is nothing in mee which deserves not death: Yet Lord, even for the Altars sake on which I offer up this sinfull sacrifice, loathe not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor stop thy eares against my sad complaints; Lord, I am as vile as sinne can make mee, and deserve what curse thy wrath can lay upon me; I brought corruption from the womb, and sucke rebellion from the very breast; My life is nothing but a Trade of sinne, wherein I hourly heap unto my selfe wrath against the day of wrath; that inasmuch wert thou

not

Digitized by Google

not more merciſull then I am or can be to my ſelfe, I had been now roaring under thy juſtice, that am here begging for thy mercy: Lord, I am nothing but infirmity, and daily wallow in my own corruptions: That old ſerpent continually beſieges me; and the feebleneſſe of my old man cannot reſiſt him. Ariſe, O God, and cruſh thy enemy and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aymes at thy diſhonour. Let the ſeed of the woman quicken in my ſoule, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it break the Serpents head, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time paſt; give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of

Digitized by Google

death:

death: Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily, that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filld with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever and for ever.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE Sinners Poverty, and Reliefe.

WHerein doth this my naturall *State* excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect, my inward senses are lesse pure. Their naturall *Instinct* desires good, and chuses it; but my perverted *Will* sees good, and yet declines it; They eate, being satisfied with *moderation*; perchance I want, or surfeit. They sleep se-

cure:

Digitized by Google

cure from feares and cares, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to heaven, and are fed by *Providence*; I trusting to my selfe, want through my *Improvidence*: The worthlesse *sparrowes* are lodged in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warme fleeces; but I have nothing to cover my nakednesse, nothing to hide my shame. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *Soule*, and can finde nothing there, but the absence of what I had, or the defect of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I finde nothing but *darknesse*: I search into my *Will*, and there I finde nothing but *perverseness*: I exa-

Digitized by Google

mine

mine my *affections*, and there I finde nothing but *disorder*; I view my *disposition*, and there I finde nothing but *distemper*: What I had, I have not; and what I want, I cannot gaine. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly lose it for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I finde any good which I had lost, I keep it not for want of *wisedome* how to use it. When I call my *Conscience* to account, my owne soule is brib'd against me; and when I call my *course of life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sence of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I faulter, and my distraction denies me *utterance*: Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formall lips to recommend my griefes to heaven, my *guilt* despaires of *entrance*:

Digitized by Google

trance: Or if a flash of *zeale* should wing my prayers, and dart them up unto the Almighties eares, my unrepented sins forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect: My *sighs* want strength to shoot the loek, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portalls open. Cheare up, my soule, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the Keeper farre; Call him, and thou shalt heare him say,

Luke 11. 9.

Ask and thou shalt have, seek and thou shalt finde, knock and it shall be opened to thee.

Matth. 7. 11.

If you being evill, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask them?

Digitized by Google

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, beleeving, ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraydeth not, and it shall given him.

Bernard.

It is easier that Heaven and Earth should passe, then if thou seek God, not to finde him; or then if thou ask, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. Hom. 5. *in Ep. ad Rom.*

In having nothing, I have all things,

Digitized by Google

things, because I have Christ; having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

His Soliloquy.

CAnst thou, O my soule, wonder at thy wants, when thou want'st *Him* that is the only supplyer of all *wants*? The *beast* performes his duty, and (made for thy service) serves thee; and wanting food, in his own language, craves it, and obtaines it. The *Fowles* of the ayre (being pinched with hunger) carroll forth their sweet *Hosannaes* and are fill'd, and then returne Musicall *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soule, expect *supplyes* like them, and use lesse meanes then

Digitized by Google

then they? Come, thou art worth many *Sparrowes* (were not five sold for a farthing?) The Blood of Iesus is thy price, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes bee supplyed, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Iesus be denyed? Can a *Mother* pitty the trickling teares of her unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock* in vaine? I, but my tongue is slow: Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost: Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his *lost* sheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong door*; fear not when thou knockst with a *right* heart; He that is everywhere will be found; He that made the eare will heare thee.

Digitized by Google

His Prayer.

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knoweſt what to give, then I to aske, and with-holdeſt no good thing from him that ſeeks thee with an upright heart; I a poor ſuiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly ſenſible of my own defects, and timerouſly conſcious of my evill deſerts, doe here even caſt my ſelf on thy gracious providence. And ſince, O Lord, thou haſt commanded me to aske of thee the things I want, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers which a poor ſinner emboldned

Digitized by Google

by

by thy promiſe, preſents before thee; by whoſe free favour I have received whatſoever I have obtained, and by my own folly loſt whatſoever I have received. Give me a cleare ſight of my own poverty; ſhew me the poverty of my own reliefe, that ſo I may forſake the broken Reed of my own power, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe in the comfort of thy promiſe. Lord thou haſt commanded mee to aske, but my ſinnes cry louder then my ſuits. Thou haſt commanded me to ſeek, but my own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou haſt commanded me to knock, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the Blood of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying ſinnes: Let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt: Bind him in chains

Digitized by Google

that

that captivates my power: Teach me to ask, that hast commanded me to ask: Thou that hast commanded me to seeke, direct me, and let my knocking be guided by thy hand: Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I should; Grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should: Give me providence, that I may knock when I should: Let not my faintnesse in asking teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishnesse in seeking tempt me to desist: Let not my unseasonablenesse in knocking strike me with despaire: Give me a fervent Faith, that I may aske with confidence; a constant hope, that I may seek with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may knock with constancy: Let me aske like the

Digitized by Google

the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me seek like thy blessed *Mother*, till I finde thee: Let me knock like the sinfull Publican till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in Glory, with the society of Angels.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Faithfull mans Fear* and *Crowne.*

Doe this and live: Some comfort yet remaines; though *life* be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned, *Doe this and live*: But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour: But will not the utmost of my

Digitized by Google

power doe? Will not the best of my endeavour serve? No, hee thats perfect, made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas, if life depend upon such termes, what flesh can live? Thy inability for the *work*, propheſies the impoſſibility of the *reward*. My ſoule, thou art become a legall *debter*, and the utmoſt *farthing* is expected: Thou canſt neither pay the *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditor: What wilt thou doe? Wilt thou plead *innocency*? Thy own hand will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy*? Thy own *Rebellion* will diſ-enable thee. My ſoule, what *ſecurity* wilt thou put in? Or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flee? O flatter not thy ſelf, and put not the *evill day* from thee.

Digitized by Google

Thou

Thou haſt not onely not done what thou ſhouldeſt, but thou haſt done what thou ſhouldeſt not. Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creation*, by diſ-obeying thy Creator: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Sanctification* by quenching of the Spirit: Thou haſt ſinned againſt Gods *Iudgements*, by thy preſumption: Thou haſt ſinned againſt his *Mercies* by thy deſpaire: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Conſcience* by thy Rebellion: Thou haſt ſinned againſt *Providence*, by thy diſtruſt. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy ſinnes, and every ſinne brings in a *Faggot* to thy execution. O my ſoule, behold the *miſery* of thy eſtate, and tremble; behold the *Mercies* of thy

Digitized by Google

God and wonder: *Tremble*, for he is a God to punish thy iniquities; Wonder, for he is become a Man to beare thy iniquities: Tremble, for thou art not able to doe his Commands; Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst doe: Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to *doe*? let the faithfulnesse of thy heart encline thee to *desire*: *Doe* what thou canst, and beleeve what thou canst not. Cheare up my sad soule, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulnesse of thy heart, who saith:

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

Matth. 25. 21

Well done good and faithfull servant,

Digitized by Google

servant, thou hast been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Gal. 3. 9.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with the faithfull *Abraham.*

2 *Tim.* 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousnesse, which the Lord, the righteous Iudge shall give me at that day.

Iames 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O onely safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken! in which the Christian Souldier

Digitized by Google

neither wounded, nor overthrowne, nor troddeu undes foot, no nor slaine, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shamefull flight.

Aug. in Sesten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tolerable, if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it haſtneth the receiving of our glorious reward; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, passeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

His Soliloquy.

STand not, O my soule, upon the *legges* of a sinner, but flee into the *Armes* of thy Saviour, and

Digitized by Google

and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to beleeve: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Iesus will justifie the payment: Trust not in thy selfe, lest thou be deceived by thy selfe: Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy selfe. Wouldst thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy selfe: The way to faith is from thy selfe: Is thy soule *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith *unlocks* it: Is that way dangerous? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart timerous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the Crowne of life difficult? faith obtaines it: *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.* Fear not thy weakneſſe, O my soule, it shall not be to thee according

Digitized by Google

to thy works, but faith: If thy good works cannot save thee before *faith*, then evill workes cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crownes thy good workes, crownes his own gifts, so he that pardons thy evill works, magnifies his own *mercy*: Cast anchor here my soule, and if the waves of thy corruptions overwhelme thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

MOst glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure; before whom the Cherubins doe vaile their blushing faces, I the wretched of-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before

Digitized by Google

the

the footstoole of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinfull prayers: If thou shouldst weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Lawes, the vyalls of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my works deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God,

thou haſt in ſome meaſure ſanctified me; I have ſinned againſt my ſanctification, and yet O God, thou haſt not forſaken me: I have ſinned againſt the continuance of thy Mercies, yet haſt thou not confounded me: The whole practiſe of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evill and that continually; wherefore I wholly renounce my ſelfe O God and utterly diſclaim the works of mine own hands: In thy goodneſſe, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I ſeek for refuge: Grant me the power to doe what thou commandeſt, and then command me what thou pleaſeſt: Crucifie the fleſh within me, and deliver my ſoule from the ſpirit of bondage: Free mee O Lord, from the oldneſſe of the

Digitized by Google

letter,

letter, that I may ſerve thee hereafter in the newneſſe of the ſpirit : Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be loſt in thy Remembrance; and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy ſight : Purge from my heart the dregs of unbeleef, and kindle in my ſoul the fire of devotion; Quicken my ſpirit with a lively faith ; Lord I beleeve, Lord help my unbeleeſe, that ſo being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promiſe.

THE

Digitized by Google

The Fearfull Mans Conflict and Prize.

HOw potent are the infirmities of flesh and blood! How weak is *Natures* strength! How strong her weakneſſe! How is my easie *faith* abus'd by my deceitfull ſenſe! How is my *Vnderſtanding* blinded with deluding *Error*! How is my *will* perverted with apparent *good*! If reall good preſent it ſelfe; how purblinde is mine *eye* to view it! if viewd, how dull

Digitized by Google

is

is my *understanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended, how heartlesse is my *judgement* to allow it! if allow'd, how unwilling is my *will* to choose it! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it! No sooner are my resolutions fixt upon a course of *Grace*, but *Nature* checks at my *Resolves*; no sooner checkt, but straight my *will* repents her *choyce*, my *judgement* recals her *sentence*, my *understanding* mistrusts her *light*; and then my *Sense* cals flesh and blood to counsell, which wants no *arguments* to break mee off. The difficulty of the *Journey* daunts me; the straightnesse of the *Gate* dismayes mee; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me; the *losse* of worldly pleasure here deterres me; the *losse* of earthly honour there dis-

swades

swades me ; here the strictnesse of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds *contempt* disheartens me; here the fear of my *preferm*ẽt discourages me : Thus is my yeelding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts* : Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *feares* ; whence if happily ransomd by some good *motion*, the Devill presents me with a beadroll of my *Offences* ; The flesh suggests the necessity of my sinne, the world objects the foulnesse of my shame ; where if I plead the mercy & goodnesse of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodnesse hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieg'd my soul ! How, how art thou beleaguerd with continuall

feares !

feares! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthinesse* cry down the hopes of all *compassion!* Thy confidence of mercy is conquerd by the consciousnesse of thy own demerits, and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chaynes of sad despaire. But chear up my soule, and turne thy feares to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith,

Luke 12. 32.

Fear not little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a Kingdom.

Col. 1. 13.

He hath delivered us from the power of darknesse, and translated us into the kingdome of his deare Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the

Digitized by Google

the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of God.

Iam. 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poore of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heires of the kingdome which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a kingdome, as my Father appointed to me.

Augustine.

Though we labour in a boisterous sea, yet thou Lord, art our Pilot, and steerest our course betweene Scylla and Charybdis; so that both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Digitized by Google

Macar.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and bee crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries; by which contention honour is obtained.

His Soliloquy.

HAst thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldnesse to expect his Kingdome? Consult with *reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedst even making *Inter-*

Digitized by Google

cession

ceſſion for thee, and offring thee a *Crowne* of Glory. Behold the *greatneſſe* of thy Creator vaild with the *goodneſſe* of thy Redeemer; the juſtice of a *firſt* perſon qualified by the *mercy* of a *ſecond*; the purity of the *Divine* Nature uniting it ſelfe with the *Humane* in one *Emmanuel*; a perfect *Man* to ſuffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *perſon*, at the ſame inſtant, able and willing to *give*, and *take* a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee. O my ſoule, a *wonder* above wonders! an *incomprehenſibility* above all admiration! a *depth* paſt finding out! Under this ſhadow, O my ſoule, refreſh thy ſelfe: If thy ſins feare the hand of juſtice, behold thy *Sanctuary*: If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*:

Digitized by Google

If

If thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy baile: Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the *blessed* of heaven and earth that hath prepared a Kingdome for thee. Be ravisht, O my soul; O blesse the name of *Elohim*; O blesse the name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternall Halelujahs.

His Prayer.

GReat Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too deat to rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock; cast down thy gracious eye upon the weaknesse of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion: open mine eys, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold.

Digitized by Google

Enlighten

Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discerne that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts, which my understanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely choose that good which my deceived heart cannot desire; Fortifie my resolution that I may constantly embrace that choyce which my inconstancy cannot hold: Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh: Strengthen the weaknesse of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my selfe, and still withstand the assaults of my owne corruptions: Moderate my de-

Digitized by Google

light

light in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will: Let the point of my thoughts bee directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour: Let not the feare of worldly losse dismay me, nor let the losse of the worlds favour daunt me: Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly griefe, and let the love of thee expell all carnall feare: Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reproachfulnesse of that death which thy sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake: Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne; and let the necessity of my offences bee swallowed up in the

Digitized by Google

the all-sufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulnesse of my transgressions lead mee to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despaire. Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile fear from me, that thou maist behold me as a sonne. Be thou my all in all, and let me feare nothing but to displease thee: That being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulnesse of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting kingdome.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Plague-affrighted Mans Danger and Deliverance.*

HOw is the *language* of death heard in every ſtreet, which by continuall *Paſſing-bels* proclaimes mortality in every eare! How many at this inſtant lye groaning in their ſick beds, and markt for death, whilſt others that lived yeſterday are now laid out for evening *buriall!*

How

Digitized by Google

How many that are now ſtrong, and healthfull and laying up for many years, are deſtind for the enlargement of the next weeks *Bill!* How many are now preparing to ſecure their lives by flight, who whilſt they run from the *tyranny* of their feares, flee into the very boſome of danger! What *ayre*? what *dyet*? what *Antidote* can promiſe ſafety? What ſhield can guard the angry Angels Blow? What *Rhetorick* can perſwade the heaven-commanded *Meſſenger* to ſlake the fury of his reſolute arme? It is an *Arrow* that flees by day; yet who can ſee it? It is a *Terrour* that ſtrikes by night; and who can ſcape it? It is the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe; and who can ſhun it? The ſtrength of *youth* is no priviledge againſt it: The found-

Digitized by Google

neſſe

neſſe of a *Conſtitution* is no exemption from it : The ſoveraignty of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it : Where it liſts, it wounds ; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himſelfe, reſpects no perſons. The rich mans *Coffers* cannot bribe it : The skilfull *Artiſt* cannot preſcribe againſt it : The black *Magitian* cannot charme it. My ſoule, into what a calamity art thou plundged! With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguerd! What oppoſition canſt thou make? What *Auxiliaries* canſt thou call in? How many ſad *Copies* of thy deſtruction are daily ſet before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort haſt thou in that life which every minute threatens? What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in that breath

Digitized by Google

which drawes and whiffs perpetuall feares? What art thou other but a man condemnd, expecting execution? And how is the bitterneſſe of thy death multiplyed by the quality of thy feares? Were it a *ſickneſſe*, whoſe diſtraction took not away thy meanes of *preparation*, it were an eaſie *calamity*: Were it a ſickneſſe, whoſe contagion diſſolvd not the comfortable bands of ſweet ſociety, it were but halfe a miſery; But as it is, ſudden, ſolitary, incurable; what ſo terrible? what ſo comfortleſſe? Sinke not beneathe thy feares my ſoule; Thy deliverance is Gods *Royalty*, and under his wings is thy ſalvation; in the midſt of danger no danger ſhall befall thee.

Pſal.

Digitized by Google

Psal. 91. 10.

Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5.

Whoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter and from the noysom pestilence; He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers; His truth shall be thy shield and thy Buckler.

Thou shalt not be affraid of the Arrow that flyeth by day, nor of the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse, nor of the Plague that destroyeth at noon day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee.

Digitized by Google

Giſten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ.

O happy ſickneſſe, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy feaver, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoule reliſheth no earthly things, but only favoureth divine nouriſhment!

Greg. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdome, with how ſweet an Art doth thy wine and oyle reſtore health to my healthleſſe ſoule! How powerfully mereifull, how mercifully powerfull art thou! powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

His

Digitized by Google

His Soliloquy.

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soule, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *Passings-bels* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clark more move thee then the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee then many Plagues denounced upon thy self? Be wise my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *sin*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the

Digitized by Google

infection? Fly from it: But whither?--Vnder the wings of the Almighty. But thy sinnes deny *protection* there: Then nayle them to thy Saviours *Crosse*: Feareſt thou yet? O my ſoule, haſt thou ſo long ſubſiſted under thy own *protection*, and dareſt thou not venture under his! Can there be a ſanctuary more *ſecure*? A Protection more *ſafe*? Feareſt thou death under the *wings* of the God of life? Or danger under the *ſhadow* of the Almighty? But the ſuddenneſſe of that death denyes *preparation*: His *wings* continually prepare thee. It baniſhes all my friends, and in them my *comfort*: When thou haſt God to thy *friend*, what comfort canſt thou want that may be found by Prayer?

Digitized by Google

His Prayer.

LOrd, in whose hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender eare, and mercifully heare the supplications of thy servant, who hath no hope but in thy goodnesse, and no comfort but in thy promises. My heinous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavie indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongst us, and the vyalls of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us: The sinnes of our Nation have cryed to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great Mor-

Digitized by Google

tality: Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a Land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thine Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my Fortresse, O God, and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy wayes. Prepare me, O Lord, against the houre of death, and

Digitized by Google

streng-

ſtrengthen my ſoule in the aſſurance of thy Mercy; Humble my heart with the true ſenſe of my tranſgreſſions; and work in my ſoule an unfeined repentance: Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending ſo gracious a Father: Wean me from the truſt of all tranſitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily dye in me. Take from me the immoderate feare of death, and traine me, O God, for the day of my diſſolution: Inſtruct and rectifie my vain deſires, that all my wiſhes may ſtand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying, I may be thine: Teach my by thy judgements to hate ſinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filial love: Be gracious to thoſe

Digitized by Google

whom thou haſt markt for death, and ſeale in their hearts the aſſurance of thy favour, that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our dayes in wiſdome, we may bee numbred with thy Saints in glory everlaſting.

THE

THE

Perſecuted Mans Miſery and *Reward.*

ARe theſe the *gaines* of godlineſſe? Are theſe the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungratefull World no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt*, and *perſecution*? Whilſt I priz'd the world, I wanted nothing that

Digitized by Google

that the world calls *good*; neglected *honour* followed me; unſought for *pleaſure* coveted me; unpurchaſed *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wiſh that *happineſſe* I had not: I could not want the happineſſe earth had: Nothing was too *deare*: Nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilſt I prizd the *world*, the world prizd me: If I were ſad, her mirthfull *ſmiles* would chear me: If ſick, her mournfull ſonnes would viſit me: If weary, her wanton *lappe* would dandle me; where rockt into a *ſlumber*, I dreamt, all this was but a *dreame*; and waking, found it ſo: Not willing to be fed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections alterd; and finding earth too *ſtreight* for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to heaven, and after many conflicts

Digitized by Google

betwixt

betwixt my *members* and my *minde*, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angry, frownd, and calld me fool; withdrew her *honours*, with-held her *pleasures*, recald her *favours*; and now I live despisd, contemnd, and poore. O sad condition of *mankinde!* How plausible are his wayes to *death!* and how unpleasant are his paths to *life!* No sooner had I made a *Covenant* with my God, but the world made a Covenant against me, scandald my *name*, slanderd my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despisd my *integrity*: for my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the world have fallen upon me: If I chastned my soule with *fasting*, it stilde me with the name of *Hypocrite*: If I reprove the *vanity* of the times;

Digitized by Google

it

it derides me with the stile of *Puritane*: I am become a *stranger* to my brethen, and an *Alien* to my mothers sonne: I go mourning all the day long, and my bosome friends are estranged from me: They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a *pastime* of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evill of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me. But be not thou dismaid, my soule, nor let the arme of flesh discourage thee: Thy *Persecutions* here, are nothing but the propheſies of a *Paradise* hereafter: He that is borne of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the world; But thou that art borne of the Spirit, heare what the Spirit saith,

Digitized by Google

Matth.

Matth. 5. 10.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name sake, for theirs is the Kingdome of heaven.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shal hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast our your name as evill, for the Sonne of mans sake.

1 *Pet.* 3. 14.

If yee suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are yee, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake; but he that shall endure unto the end shall be saved.

Digitized by Google

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forſaketh lands, or brother, or ſiſter, or father, or mother, for my ſake, ſhall receive an hundred fold, and ſhall inherit eternall life.

Chryſoſt.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreaſed; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, ſo much and more will he adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyſſ. de prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of maſteries, wherein the greateſt Garlands are allotted to them who ſuſtain the greateſt labours; for by the ſmart of our ſtripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

Digitized by Google

Aug. in Ioh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkneſſe, he is light; if naked, he is a Robe of immortality.

His Soliloquy.

HEE that ſhall weigh the *gaine* of Godlineſſe by the *Scales* of the word; or the pleaſures of the earth by the Ballances of the Sanctuary, ſhall upon a review, finde a bad *Market*. Thinkſt thou, my ſoule, to be made happy by the *ſmiles* of earth? or unhappy by her *frownes*? When ſhe fawnes upon thee, ſhe deludes thee; when ſhee kiſſes thee, ſhe betrayes thee:

Digitized by Google

thee: She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand: Trust not her *flattery*, O my soule, nor let her *malice* move thee: Her Musick is thy *Magick*: Her sweetnesse is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternall death; If thou *love* her, thou hast begun thy journey; If thou *honour* her, thou mendst thy pace; If thou *obey* her, thou art at thy journeys end: When *she* distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; whē she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee: When she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdaines* thee, God *honours* thee; when shee *forsakes* thee, he owns thee; when she *persecutes* thee, hee crownes thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soule, and why is thy spirit troubled with-

Digitized by Google

in

in thee? trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, flee to him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their teares into thy Bottle, and in the middest of all their sorrowes sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrowes; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorne of him that feares thee: Strengthen me, O GOD, to maintaine thy Cause, lest they that persecute me, think there is no God: Thou knowest my reproach and

Digitized by Google

and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy cauſe, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to heare the voyce of joy and gladneſſe, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleaſed to releaſe me, and courage to beare what thy wiſdome ſhall permit: Let not the vanities of the world deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh diſturb me: Let not the ſuggeſtions of Sathan deceive me, nor the threatning of man divert me. Preſerve my footſteps in the Wayes of thy Truth,

Digitized by Google

Truth, and keep me truly constant to the end: In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, and strengthen my Faith in all my Tryalls: Give mee an inward thankfulnesse O God, thou that hast made me worthy to suffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee: Bee mercifull to them that hate mee, and doe good to those that persecute me. Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth, and turn their hearts, that they may feare thy Name: In all my tribulations bee not not thou farre from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me: Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies heare me, and in the

Digitized by Google

the truth of thy ſalvation help me; that I confeſſing thee here before the children of men with undaunted reſolution, I may be enrolld in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodneſſe, and hereafter raign in the Kingdom of Glory in thy eternity.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Sinners Accompt*, and *Quietus est.*

HOw I can I flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common ſtreame of fraile mortality run into the *dead ſea* of everlaſting death! How ſoundly I can ſleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, untill I wake diſarmd of all my *ſtrength*, and turn a prey to that falſe *Philiſtime* that ſeeks my ſoule!

Digitized by Google

When

When I call to minde the *course* that I have runne, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how [illegible] I excuse my failings, and [illegible] them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my *actions* by that Law, and justly proportion my punishment to those actions; O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despaire*: O then my sinnes appeare too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort: Look up, I see a dreadfull *God*: Look down, I see a direfull *Devill*: Look forwards, I see a *Roll* of sinnes: Look backwards, I see a roaring

Digitized by Google

ring Conscience: Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*: Look on my left hand, I see my base *despaire*: Look within me, I see nothing but *Corruption*: Look about mee: I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse mee: I have sinned upon *weaknesse*, weaknesse will not plead for me: I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me: I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemnes me. What canst thou say my soule, that *Sentence* of death should not bee given against thee? Can the *voyce* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sinne? Can the *teares* of thine eye scoure the *staines* of thy soule? Can the *sighs* of a finite creature satisfie for the

Digitized by Google

offences against an infinite Creator? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; And what canst thou doe towards thy own salvation? Prostrate thy selfe, my soul: Behold thy *misery*, and bewayl thy selfe; renounce thy selfe, abhorre thy selfe: flee to the Hornes of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou mayst finde comfort. *Ezek.* 18. 21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sinnes that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawfull and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and bee converted, that your sinnes may

Digitized by Google

be

be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die O house of Israel?

Augustine.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou

mayst save me: Thou wilt not sweet Iesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Iesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sinnes plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy: and though my sinnes have done much against thee, thou wilt have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forgive my transgressions.

His

His Soliloquy.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Meane betwixt the two *Extreames*, Presumption and Despaire : That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds ; This excludes it, and all meanes to it : The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to *pardon* ; Take heed, O my dejected soule ; Plunge not thy selfe in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever ; Swim not without *bladders*, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the *ugliness* of thy sinne, fix the other upon the *merits* of a Saviour ; so when thou discoverst the *disease*, thy disease will discover a

Digitized by Google

remedy. When the *fiery* Serpent hath ſtung thee, the *brazen* Serpent muſt heale thee: Nothing, O my ſoule, makes thy ſinne to great for Mercy, but *deſpaire*; this only excludes *Repentance*, and Impenitencie alone makes thee uncapable of *Pardon.* He that hath promiſed forgiveneſſe at thy *Repentance*, hath not promiſed Repentance at thy pleaſure. Haſte therefore, O my ſoule, and reconcile thee to thy God *to day*, leſt it ſhould prove too late *to morrow.* Turne thy hand from thy *preſent* ſinne, and God will turne his eyes from thy *paſt* ſinne: Cry aloud, and ſpare not, leſt thy ſinne cry aloud, and he ſpare not: Let thy *Confeſſion* finde a tongue, and his *Compaſſion* will find an eare.

Digitized by Google

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy self moſt glorious, but in thy Sonne moſt gracious; to the rebellious terrible; but to the penitent, merciſull; I the work of thy own hands, but wholly diſframd by my own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinfull ſelf before the footſtoole of thy Mercy-Seat, totally miſerable through my ſinnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt me in thy juſtice, my portion would be no leſſe then eternall death: But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the converſion of a ſoule, then

Digitized by Google

exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that stands trembling before the barre of thy Iustice, and from thence presumes to appeale to the Seat of thy mercy; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then my iniquities; I know moreover that thou art most just, but in shewing mercy thy Iustice will be no loser. Lord I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pitty; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy justice, that am here suing for thy mercy.

Digitized by Google

cy. Lord I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinne is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intollerable: I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore flee from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but thinke upon thy benignity toward thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against me; Wash my guiltinesse in his Blood, and in the multitude of thy Compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arme me for the time to

Digitized by Google

come, that being purged from my sinnes, and cleansed from my offences, I may be cloathed here with the Robes of grace, and crownd hereafter with a Crown of Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Sinners Thirst,* and *Draft.*

LOe, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedome of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could cloath me with change of garments from my Fathers *Ward-robe*, could now be thankfull but for *Raggs* to hide my nakednesse:

I

Digitized by Google

I that forſook him like a diſobedient ſonne, would hold it now a happineſſe to be his meaneſt *ſervant*. What ſhall I doe? Or whither ſhall I goe? By whoſe *charity* ſhall I ſubſiſt? My weakneſs will not give me leave to worke; My unworthineſſe will not ſuffer me to appeare; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounc'd my *Father*, have made my ſelfe no *ſonne*; and being no ſonne, how dare my boldneſſe call him *Father*? I have offended him, and who ſhall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who ſhall make my peace? I have forſaken him, and who ſhal reſtore me to him? Can I expect a *Bleſſing* from him I have offended? Can I preſume of *favour* from him I have ſo grieved? Can I deſerve a Birth-right from him I have for-

Digitized by Google

forſaken? O my ſoule, how? how haſt thou beſlaved thy ſelf, and loſt that *freedome*, without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly loſt? Thou haſt loſt that Father that was wont to *bleſſe* thee: Thou haſt left that Lord that was pleaſed to *govern* thee: Thou haſt renounc'd that Saviour that *redeemd* thee; and only haſt reſerv'd a God to puniſh thee, a Iudge to *ſentence* thee: Thou haſt loſt thoſe *bleſſings* by thy contempt, which thou canſt not regaine with the price of thy *teares*: Thou haſt quencht that *Spirit*, whereby thou hadſt the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Sathan: Thou haſt diverted the current of that *Fountaine*, whoſe water ſatisfied thy full deſires: O my ſad ſoul, how! how wert thou diſtemperd, that couldſt not reliſh

Digitized by Google

that

that which nouriſht Angels into *immortality*! Why didſt thou not inebriate thy ſelfe with that delicious *ſweetneſſe*, and Ark it up like *Iſraels Manna* to remain with thee and thy ſucceeding Generations? O that mine eyes could teach thoſe bleſſed *ſtreams* to run, which my ungrateſulneſſe hath ſtopt! Or that my prayers could like *Eliahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down thoſe celeſtiall *ſhowers* to ſlake my thirſt! that I may drink my fill of that immortall *water*: Take comfort, O my ſoule, Thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crownd them with this promiſe,

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is a-thirſt, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

Digitized by Google

Matth.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousnesse sake, for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water, that I shall give him, shall never be more a thirst; but the water which I shall give him, shall bee in him a water springing up into eternall life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirst, let him come unto mee and drink; hee that beleeveth in me, out of his belly shall flow Rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is a thirst, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Digitized by Google

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountaine of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth and taste the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy vertue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. lib. 5. in John cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the staines of Sinners, that watereth the earth of our soules with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

Digitized by Google

His

His Soliloquy.

IT is lesse danger to want, then to be *insensible* of thy of wants: Dost thou want, my soule? desire: Dost thou desire? ask: Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive; and what thou shalt receive, shall satisfie thee. Bee not troubled: If thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy naturall wants bee confident of supply from thy *naturall* father, and shall thy spirituall defects despaire to be repaired by thy *spiritnall* father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustfull soule! How dost thou

Digitized by Google

wrong

wrong the God of mercy! How slight the God of *Truth*! Hee that heares the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deafe to thee? He that robes the *Lillies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparreld, will he deny thee those *Graces* he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirsty? he is the water of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the *Righteousnesse* of his owne Sonne, Build upon his *Promise*, who is Truth it selfe; Rely on his *Mercy* who is goodnesse it selfe: Art thou a *Prodigall*? yet remember thou art a *Sonne*: Is he *offended*? he will not forget he is a Father; Come therefore with a filiall boldnesse, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

Digitized by Google

His Prayer.

O GOD that art the welspring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodnesse, whose promises are faithfull, and whose word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and healeſt the ruptures of an humble ſpirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelfe before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breaſt; I have ſinned, O Lord, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have caſt off the yoake of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant

Digitized by Google

nant, and caſt them farre from mee; I have ſinned againſt thy mercies, and have ſpurnd againſt thy judgements; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me: But I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſinnes are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God nor the follies of my elder daies. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; remember not how I have forſaken thee. Cloſe thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and reſtore me to the joy of thy ſalvation: Eſtabliſh my heart in the love of thy truth, and increaſe

Digitized by Google

creaſe in me a Spirituall Thirſt; Make mee to underſtand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Teſtimonies be my whole delight: As the Hart panteth after the Water Brooks, ſo my ſoule longeth for the Well-ſprings of Life: Lord thou haſt promiſed to anſwer thoſe that call unto thee, to be found by thoſe that ſeek unto thee, and to ſatisfie thoſe that thirſt after thee. Make good thy Word, O God, and heare my prayer; Make good thy promiſe, Lord, and bee not farre from me: I have ſought thee in thy promiſe, let me finde thee in thy performance; I have thirſted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodneſſe; Open thy Well ſprings that I may drink freely of the waters of life, that my ſoule being

Digitized by Google

being satisfied in the fulnesse of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises, that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may raign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE *Good Mans Distrust* and *Satisfaction.*

WHen I consider the *All-sufficiency* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises*; but when I behold the insufficiency of my selfe, I cannot but fear the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in Him the goodnesse of a *Father*, my heart growes confident, and I cannot fear;

Digitized by Google

feare; But when I finde in me the diſobedience of a *Sonne*, my ſoule growes conſcious, and I dare not hope: When I dive into the depth of my own *miſery*, I ſearch further, and finde a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am ſecure: But when I finde the freeneſſe of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulneſſe of my *Rebellion*: O then my ſoule deſpaires, and thus deſtroyes the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden ſoule to come, and offers *reſt*. Alas, I come, and yet my laden ſoule can finde no *eaſe*: He promiſes eternall life to my Beleefe, but yet he gives me not the power to beleeve: He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promiſe of ſupply; and yet I ſue, and ſue, and ſtill I ſue in vain: He promiſes a Comfor-

Digitized by Google

ter

ter to ſtrengthen my Remembrance; yet ſtill my treacherous memory failes me: Hee promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſſe; yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father: He promiſes audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redreſſe: He promiſes forgiveneſſe to the true repentant; but who ſhall give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken; yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation: He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled, yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt: He promiſes freedome from the ſecond death, to him that conquers; I ſtrive to overcome, yet feele a hell: His promiſe was to guard his Vine-

Digitized by Google

yard and to dresse it; yet Foxes stroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it: He promised comfort to all those that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter: He promised, that the womans seed should break the Serpents head; and yet the Serpent never was more strong: He bid me seek, and I should finde; and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants: He calls them Blessed that suffer for his Name; yet who more miserable? Hee promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts; and yet I thirst to death: My soule, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee *interest* to those promises? Cheare up my soule, and what thou canst not doe, endeavour; He that

Digitized by Google

accepts

accepts the *will* for the *deed* is in his promiſe Yea and Amen.

Mark. 13.31.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſſe away, but not one tittle of my word.

1 *Kings* 8.56.

Bleſſed be the Lord, that hath given Reſt unto his people, according unto all that he hath promiſed. There hath not failed one word of all his good promiſes, which he hath promiſed.

2 *Cor.* 1.20.

For all the Promiſes of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

Iſay 45. 23.

I have ſworn by my ſelfe, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteouſneſſe, and ſhall not return.

2 *Kings* 10.10.

Know then that there ſhall

Digitized by Google

fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is setled in heaven.

Autor scala Paradisi Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Feare not, O Bride, nor despaire; think not thy selfe contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best; both from his absence and his presence thou gaineſt light. He commeth to thee, he goeth from thee; he commeth to make thee consolate; he goeth to make thee cautious; lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up: he commeth, that thy languishing soul may be comforted: he goeth, lest his familiarity should bee contemned; and being absent,

Digitized by Google

to

to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

Aug. Manu.

O my soule, stampt with the image of thy God; love him of whom thou art so much beloved: Chuse this friend above all thy friends; who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithfull unto thee. In the day of thy buriall, when all forsake thee, he will neither leave thee nor deceive thee, but mightily defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

His Soliloquy.

WIlt thou never, O my distrustfull soule, submit thy will unto his *will* that

made thee? Must his goodnesse be alwayes the circumference of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *Center*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the *substance* of thy happinesse, but must thou binde him to thy *circumstances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confin'd to the pleasure of a finite *Creature*. Stand not in thy own light, my soule; the *Independence* of thy exorbitant desires, shuts the doore upon that *happinesse* thou desirest: Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *kingdome*, will first make thee capable of a kingdome: Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *loser* by his delay: Canst thou hope to be filld with the *water* of life, not first purg'd

Digitized by Google

with

with the *fire* of Affliction? How often hast thou murmur'd for that, which if enjoy'd, had been thy ruine? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance to exercise thy *patience*: Hee hath decreed, but yet forbeares, to rectifie thy *faith*: If *Faith* be able to remove Mountaines, endeavour to remove thy infidelity: Endure, hope, beleeve; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soule, as nothing hinders the performance of his *Promise* but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his Performance but thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy selfe, all-graci-

ous

ous in thy Sonne, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithfull in thy promises; I the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my selfe before thee the mercifull beholder of my misery: Lord wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy Promises? Every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sinne, insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: But, O my God, thy goodnesse is like thy selfe, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending: Thou knowest that I am evill, and wholly evill, and that continually; Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption; and thy glory is no lesse magnified in my confusion, then in my sal-

Digitized by Google

ſalvation: But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a diſtreſſed ſinner. Thy mercy, is over all thy works, and thy goodneſſe is from generation to generation. When I was in open Rebellion againſt thee, thou reconciledſt thy ſelfe to me; when I was utterly loſt, thou redeemedſt me with the innocent bloud of thy deare Sonne; and being redeemed, thou haſt ſanctified me with the freeneſſe of thy Spirit: Thou haſt raiſed me by thy power, and ſtrengthned me by thy Promiſes. What ſhall I return thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies? Or what kinde of recompence can duſt and aſhes make thee? My tongue ſhall ſing the wonders of thy goodneſſe, and praiſe thy Name for ever and ever.

Con-

Digitized by Google

Continue O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindnesse: Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy Commandements, and a full confidence in all thy Promises; Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure: Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder; and what I cannot doe, give me power to beleeve: Let not the apparition of my owne corruptions plunge me in despaire, nor let the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume, that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected to the glory of thy Name.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google